

VARIETY OF USEFUL HINTS FOR THE HOME—POST-CHRISTMAS SUGGESTIONS—DAILY STORY

THE GIRL WHO IS "PUFFED UP WITH PRIDE" USUALLY MEDIOCRE

She Who Regales Others With Tales of Her Own Accomplishments—A Little Success Often a Dangerous Thing to Such a One

ACTING as one's own press agent, or, at least, still further into the venacular, "blowing one's own horn," I have often heard people claim in the surest way of getting along in the business world, I wonder?

A friend of mine who commutes every day from a suburb out on the Reading line told me that as she was coming in last week, feeling quite at peace with the world, and with hopes of quite a largesized "bonus" as a Christmas gift from her employers, she happened to run across another girl whom she had not seen for a year or two.

This young woman regaled her, together with other passengers in adjoining seats, who strove in vain to peruse their morning papers, with tales of her brilliant successes in her particular line.

"She was the one and only girl in love with her job"; "just couldn't fill all her contracts"—all that sort of "guff," making all those around her feel frightfully dissatisfied with their own puny endeavors.

I happen to know this particular young person. She is quite charming, but not the wizard she would have you believe. One year ago she was temporarily without work. And although her prospects at present are bright, she is just plodding along with the rest of us and has not the talent which will give her a meteoric career.

THE WOMAN'S EXCHANGE

Letters and questions submitted to this department must be written on one side of the paper and signed with the name of the writer. Special queries like those given below are invited. It is understood that the editor does not necessarily endorse the sentiments expressed. All communications for this department should be addressed as follows: THE WOMAN'S EXCHANGE, Evening Ledger, Philadelphia, Pa.

The winner of today's prize is Mrs. William Newton, of Jenkintown, Pa., whose letter appeared in Saturday's paper.

TODAY'S INQUIRIES

- 1. How can mushrooms be tested to determine whether they are edible or poisonous?
2. What is meant by "de luxe"?
3. How can bronzes be cleaned without injuring their appearance?

ANSWERS TO SATURDAY'S INQUIRIES

- 1. When preparing French-fried potatoes they should be first soaked in cold water, then immersed in a moment in hot water and dried on cheesecloth. If this is done before frying, they will be soft inside and crisp and brown on the outside.
2. To fry onions until they are tender and brown without burning, slice them thin, place in the frying pan with lard, then cover them with cold water and allow it to come to a boil, boiling briskly until the water has evaporated; then allow the onions to fry in the lard which remains in the pan.
3. To prevent crusts from curdling place the custard cups in a pan half filled with cold water instead of hot.

Turkey Leftovers

By the Editor of Woman's Page: Dear Madam—While cold turkey in itself is very delicious, it is also to vary it with some dishes prepared, so as to do away with the suggestion of "leftovers." Turkey timbales made as follows: Take one-half pound of caplets of cold sliced turkey breast and add chopped whites of six hard-boiled eggs, seasoned with a teaspoonful of onion juice, a dash of paprika and salt to taste. Beat the whites of three eggs to a stiff froth, then mix with the mixture and after mixing thoroughly put into baking pans and bake in a moderate oven, turning out and on top of each one put a portion of the powdered peas, pour a white sauce over them and serve.

Removing Machine Oil Stains

By the Editor of Woman's Page: Dear Madam—I have a handsome linen pillowcase which is spotted with machine oil. How can I remove it? Dampen the spots with ammonia, then wash them out with pure white soap, first with cold, then with hot water.

Economical Griddle Cakes

By the Editor of Woman's Page: Dear Madam—Whenever I have any stale bread left over I make griddle cakes of it. Crumble the bread into a bowl, first removing the crust. Pour a pint of milk over the bread and let it stand until it is well soaked. Add a tablespoon of melted shortening, two tablespoons of lard, a dash of salt, and a dash of sugar. Beat the mixture in the regular way, being careful when turning them not to break them. HENRIET C.

Cranberry Pudding

By the Editor of Woman's Page: Dear Madam—This recipe for cranberry pudding is excellent. Mix together two cups of flour, three teaspoons of baking powder and a dash of salt. Pour a pint of milk over the flour and let it stand until it is well soaked. Add a tablespoon of melted shortening, two tablespoons of lard, a dash of salt, and a dash of sugar. Beat the mixture in the regular way, being careful when turning them not to break them. HENRIET C.

Saving Wear on Towels

By the Editor of Woman's Page: Dear Madam—I noticed that all my towels were wearing out fast, more or less of a catastrophe in these days when linens are so expensive. Careful investigation showed that my towels were being washed in hot water. I have since learned that it is better to wash them in cold water. This will save them a great deal of wear. HENRIET C.

Carelessness With Dangerous Chemicals

By the Editor of Woman's Page: Dear Madam—I would like to make this suggestion to readers of your page. When vacating rooms or moving out of a house, it is a good idea to check up on the chemicals that are left behind. Many people are careless in this regard, and this can be a very dangerous thing. HENRIET C.

Rabbit Pattie

By the Editor of Woman's Page: Dear Madam—Here is another use for the rabbit patty. It can be used for a variety of purposes. HENRIET C.

MY MARRIED LIFE

By ADELE GARRISON

"Grace by Name and Grace by Nature"

"THIS surely must be the place, Dicky." I said as we rounded a sudden turn on Shore road, and caught sight of a quaint structure that seemed to belong to the sixteenth century rather than to the twentieth.

"Dicky whistled. "Well what do you want to know about that?" he demanded of the horizon in general.

"Hungry as we were after our disappointment in finding Putnam Manor Inn closed and for rest, dashed our hopes of obtaining a warm dinner after our tramp through the woods surrounding Marvin, we could not hurry into the house before us.

"Don't care if we never eat," exclaimed Dicky. "I want to give this the once-over before I go in."

"The Shakespearean House," I said slowly. "The caretaker at the inn said this was a copy of Shakespeare's house. Do you suppose it really is?"

"Not an exact copy," returned Dicky. "I rather think the builder's idea must have been to build the house as near like the birthplace as he could. Then he has added a balcony or two of the Elizabethan period for good measure. But it certainly is a wonder. Imagine finding anything like this here down here."

"The little brown house with its balconies projecting from unexpected places and its lattice work cunningly outlined against its walls, was well worth looking at. Especially attractive was a tiny portico projecting from one corner.

"You might imagine the immortal William himself would stay by the time I had entered in another minute," said Dicky.

"Don't you think we ought to go in instead of standing outside staring like this?" ventured "perhaps they will be offended by our looking the house over like this."

"Offended? Not they! Anybody owning an unusual house like this would be offended if you did not look it over," said Dicky, shrewdly. "However, I'm with you on the subject of going in. I'm ravenous."

"I do hope this Mrs. Gorman will be willing to serve us a dinner," I returned.

"Leave her to me," said Dicky, daintily, as if he were contemplating demanding a meal at a pistol's point.

A comely English woman of about forty years opened the door in answer to Dicky's sounding of the quaintly carved knocker. He lifted his hat with a courtly bow as he saw her.

"We were told at Putnam Manor that we might be able to get dinner here," he began. "We came down from the city this morning expecting that the inn would be open. But we found it closed, and we are very hungry. Would you be possible for you to accommodate us?"

LADY'S PRESENT SMILE

I had never seen Dicky's manner more winning. Yet the woman hesitated perceptibly before answering him. Looking at her closely, I saw that her eyes were red from that she had been crying. She was in trouble. I realized that as she opened the door I had heard the sound of an upstairs door closing. Intuitively I felt that Mrs. Gorman must be in more trouble than I had been told. It was not her own sorrow, but that of her sister, the beautiful girl whom we had last seen gallantly tramping the country road and whom Dicky had so wished to engage as a model.

I could not tell how I knew this, yet I was as sure of it as if the woman before me had told me all of her troubles. She had recovered her feet into my room, and I had finished my mental survey of her and she beckoned us in.

"I think we shall be able to give you a fairly good dinner," she said with a simple directness that was refreshing. "My husband went fishing yesterday, and I have some very good pan fish, and some fresh oysters. If you are very hungry I can give you the oysters almost at once, and it will not take very long to broil the fish. Then, if you care for anything like that, we had an old-fashioned chicken pie for our own dinner. There is plenty of it still hot if you wish to try."

"Madam," Dicky bowed again. "Chicken pie is our long suit, and we are also very fond of oysters and fish. Just bring us everything you happen to have in the house, and I can assure you we will do full justice to it."

She smiled and went to the foot of the staircase, which had a mahogany stair rail carved exquisitely.

"Grace," she called melodiously. "There are two people here who will take dinner. Will you show them into my room, so they can lay aside their wraps?"

Without waiting for an answer, she motioned us to the staircase.

"My sister will take care of you," she said, and hurried out of another door, which we realized must lead to the kitchen. Dicky and I looked at each other when she had left us.

"The beautiful unknown," Dicky said in a stage whisper. "Try to get on the good side of her, Madge. If I can get her to pose for that set of outdoor illustrations Fillmore wants, we fortune's made, and here, too," he burlesqued.

I nudged him to stop talking. I have a very quick ear, and I had heard a light footstep in the hall above us. As we reached the top of the stairs the girl of whom we were talking met us.

I acknowledged unwillingly to myself that she was even more beautiful than she had appeared on the train. She was dressed in a white linen skirt and white "middy," with white tennis shoes and white stockings.

Her dress was most unattractive for the winter day. Crowded streets are inextricably ugly, and worldly pleasures exultantly flaunt their ugliness. The girl who came into the world depends on the mother every step of the way for years. Every great man inherits many of his best qualities from a superior mother.

Let the woman who falls to understand the importance of her daily work as herself how she would feel if she were suddenly deprived of her husband and children. Some day the family circle will be broken, and the little hand will pass beyond earthly reach and vision. Sometimes it takes such experience to teach little human beings that the world is, after all, but a small ball in space. Crowded streets are inextricably ugly, and worldly pleasures exultantly flaunt their ugliness. The girl who comes into the world depends on the mother every step of the way for years. Every great man inherits many of his best qualities from a superior mother.

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WELL-DRESSED GIRL'S DIARY

By ADELE GARRISON

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There was enough for the stole and plenty remaining for the hat.

In buying the buckram frame for the hat I was careful to select one that wasn't too stiff. The velvet was very well behaved while the sewing-over-the-brim-process was going on. I hadn't a bit of trouble to make it fit smoothly.

The disk for the top of the crown had to be cut a little larger than the buckram foundation so that it would allow for a scant fullness about the edge and for a turn-in.

Then I made fillings of black taffeta with plicated edges an inch and a half wide, and stitched a row about the top of the crown and the edge of the brim.

I bought a strip of Hudson sealskin two inches wide and banded the top of the crown with part of it. The balance I used for trimming on the scarf.

The bonnet needed a spot of color, so I sewed a pink silk rose on the very edge of the brim so that it appeared to be just ready to roll off.

I used rose-colored silk for the lining instead of the conventional black. The effect is very quaint.

The muffer was a "puzler." I had to make several patterns of heavy muslin before I was successful. I used the pattern as an interlining, fitting the velvet over it. I bordered the one edge with fur and sewed the lining of rose-colored silk in place.

The muffer wraps twice about the crown and flares high over the ears and back of the head. It fastens in front with a large button which I made by covering a wooden button mold with the seal.

The set was complete when the muffer ordered at the furrier's came home. Cicely surely was a happy child when, after dinner, I "showed off" her Christmas gifts to all her friends.

(Copyright.)

BECKER, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel, 614 North Seventh street, a daughter, Adeline; seven pounds nine ounces.

CARMEN, Mr. and Mrs. Le Roy, 6046 Pine street, a daughter, Elizabeth.

KERRER, Mr. and Mrs. L. J., 304 Greene street, Baltimore, Md., a son, Mrs. Kerber was formerly of Philadelphia.

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"Don't care if we never eat," exclaimed Dicky. "I want to give this the once-over before I go in."

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